had been increased by 25mg. Nothing major.

I returned to the topic of the lock. I was against it. The back door opened into a smoking lounge in a remote part of the House. It was full of expensive audio-visual equipment, all in plain view. The room had already been plundered once. Adam was in one of his dogmatic moods and asserted that if it was a security problem it was because we weren't doing our job. He meant that since we were supposed to do rounds every hour, we'd catch anyone sneaking in through the back. I took offense.

I stood up. My voice shook. The manager had warned me about getting too emotional. Maybe I needed anger management, and something for O.C.D. as well. Adam's voice was always so even, so well-modulated. He said it was because he was burnt out. I asked him as steadily as I could if the loss of several thousand dollars worth of audio-visual equipment would be casually written off. It was a stupid rhetorical question. Of course it would. The idiots from Head Office ran around the House every October, distributing laminated cat posters and plants in macramé holders, trying to use up their surplus. Meanwhile they couldn't afford to hire more full-time staff or give relief workers any benefits. If you got liver disease unplugging toilets it was just too bad. They had more money than brains. A lot more.

Adam told me to act like an adult, not a wise thing to say to a